VOL. I. APRIL, 1898. No. 6.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

PRICE 10 CTS. 1.00 A YEAR

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PUBLISHED BY S. E. CASSINO BOSTON

LITTLE FOLKS desires a reliable agent in every town and city. Liberal terms will be made with persons having some leisure to devote to securing subscribers.

Contents of Little Folks, April, 1898.

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		PAGE.
Frontispiece. The Baby's Bath. Drawn by Rosina Emmett Sherwood.		162
A Child's Easter	*Ella Farman Pratt*	163
The Coming of Snowball Woods. Two Illustrations by W. A. McCullough.	*Effie W. Merriman*	164
The Boy and his Box. Illustration by Author.	*E. S. Tucker*	168
The New Baby. Two Illustrations by Rosina Emmett Sherwood.	*Abby Morton Diaz*	169
The Littlest One of the Browns. Chapter VI. Two Illustrations by W. A. McCullough.	*Sophie Swett*	171
An Easter Bonnet. Illustration by Elizabeth S. Tucker.	*Annie Willis McCullough*	176
Totsey's Incubator Ducksies. Three Illustrations by the Author.	*Mary Goodwin Hubbell*	177
Keeping the Rules	*Zitella Cocke*	179
Some Long-Ago Easter Eggs. Two Illustrations by H. P. B.	*William Thomson*	180
The Friendly Dark. Illustration by W. A. McCullough.	*Annie Willis McCullough*	184
The Alphabet Beautiful. The Letter F. Three Illustrations by Hiram Putnam Barnes.	*C. E. S. F. P.*	186
What Did the Black Cat Do?—Guess! VI. Illustrations by the Author.	*Margaret Johnson*	188
Oh, This Was a Day to Remember. The Booboo Stories. Two Illustrations by F. T. Merrill.	*Gertrude Smith*	190
The Reason Why	*Eleanor W. F. Bates*	192

DEPARTMENTS.

Yellow Velvets. The Little Breakfast Class	*Jackey Dimock*	i
What Shall Children Read? Mothers' Department	*Caroline M. Hewins*	ii
The Little Folks' Letter-Bag		iv

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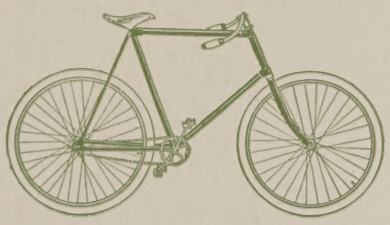

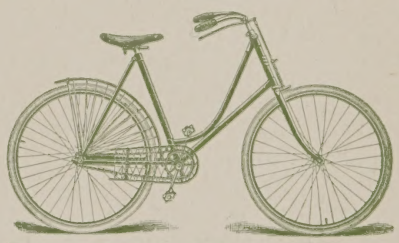

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THE BABY'S BATH.

(*See page 169.*)

LITTLE FOLKS

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A CHILD'S EASTER.

I see no flowers blowing,
But flowers have been growing,
Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere;
The bells ring in the steeple,
And all the happy people
Go by with flowers fair.

And while the bells are pealing,
I have a happy feeling
About the flowers fair—
That flowers may be growing,
Without my ever knowing,
Deep in my heart somewhere.

Not flowers like the flowers
That grow in sun and showers;
But wishes to be good,
To pity all in trouble,
To be most kind and noble,
Just as the Christ-Child would.

O, Easter bells a-pealing,
My little heart is kneeling
And asking to be true!
O, happy people praising,
My little heart is raising
Its praises too, with you!

Ella Farman Pratt.

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THE SOD HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE.

THE COMING OF SNOWBALL WOODS.

LITTLE Millie Woods' house stood on a great broad prairie, where the nearest tree was almost five miles distant. On clear mornings Millie could see the tree plainly. That tree grew in the yard of the nearest neighbor.

Millie's house was but just seven feet high, and the rooms were all on one floor, but they were quite nice and large. The house was built low, so that it might not be blown down by the heavy winds that sweep around the prairies a good share of the time. It was made entirely of sods that Mr. Woods had dug up from the garden. Crops do not grow well on prairie land the first year it is plowed, unless all the tough sods are removed, and as Mr. Woods wanted a very fine garden, he had taken the sods from a large strip of ground—that is how the house happened to be so large. Then when he dug his well, he threw out a lot of clay, and this he mixed into mortar, which furnished a hard finish for the inside walls of his house. This mortar also made nice smooth floors, and when covered with rugs they looked very well indeed.

This sod house was very warm in winter, and cool in summer,

and Millie didn't believe there were many nicer houses anywhere in the world. It was the best one she had seen, for it was the best one in the county, and Millie had never been anywhere else.

You never saw a little girl, who had no playthings to speak of, who could make up so many interesting plays as Millie could. She was always contented and sunshiny.

But one day she went to visit the neighbor who lived five miles away, and she came home unhappy. This neighbor had two cats, and she refused to part with either of them to Millie.

It seems as if this trouble might be very easily remedied, does it not? *You* think so, because you live where there are plenty of cats. It was very different in this new country, where the little ground gophers were so numerous that they made it almost impossible to raise a corn-crop, and where every cat had to be brought in a wagon, with the household goods, over miles and miles of uninhabited prairie. There were cats in the village twenty miles away, but Mr. Woods could not find one for sale the last time he was there.

Little Millie thought about it very seriously for a long time, and finally decided that it would be right to pray for a cat. She had been taught that she ought not to pray for things that were for her own selfish gratification; that anything not meant to serve some good purpose, was not worth praying for. So most of little Millie's prayers were in the form of thanksgivings for things that were already hers. Many were the talks she had with her mama over the prayers she thought of saying, for Millie was a very careful, conscientious little girl.

"But a cat is different," she decided, without asking mama. "It would keep the gophers out of the garden, and oh, how I would love it!"

After reaching this decision, Millie did not wait until bedtime, but ran in to her bedside, dropped on her little knees, and prayed long and earnestly for a kitten. She ended her sweet little petition this way: "Dear God, don't send it if it is not right for me to have it—but I *think* it is, and I do feel sure it is something worth troubling you about."

Then Millie went back to the kitchen to help get supper.

She was very happy, for she was quite certain that her request would be granted. Just before going to bed, she ran out of doors, hoping she might possibly find a kitten waiting for her. But there was none. Once she was almost sure she heard a faint little mew, but it was not repeated. So she went into the house and curled up in her warm bed.

It seemed to Millie that she had slept for hours, when she suddenly woke. She found herself sitting up in bed. That frightened her a little, just at first. It was dark, for her curtain

MILLIE HURRIED BACK TO THE HOUSE.

was drawn, and there was no sound, but the breathing of her papa and mama in the next room.

Then a happy thought came to her: "Perhaps I waked up because my kitty is coming!" Creeping out of bed she dropped down on her knees. "Dear Lord," she whispered, "I am sure I heard a noise. Oh, I pray that You will have that noise come from a kitty, and please show it how to come straight to this house."

Little Millie rose and stood in the middle of the room, so still, so expectant, that the weakest cry could not have escaped her.

The faint sound that really had brought her out of bed was again borne to her ears. This time it was more distinct. And it surely was the cry of a cat!

Millie forgot that it was night, she forgot to dress, forgot how cold it was — in fact, forgot everything, except how to unfasten the heavy outside door. She did that so quietly that no one in the house was awakened. Soon the child was standing outside, with nothing but her thin nightgown to protect her from the frosty October night. Heavy clouds covered part of the sky, but a big, round, good-natured moon lighted up the world so that she could see quite distinctly for some distance. She looked around, but there was no kitten to be seen. Hark! She heard a sound again. This time there was no mistaking it. She was certain that a kitten was trying to find her.

There was a little pond not far from the house, with long grasses growing around it. They had stood so thick and tall before the frost that Millie had been afraid to go among them, but now she scampered through the long dry rustling stalks. "O, dear, dear Lord," she whispered out, "I pray that You will have my kitten on this side of the pond. Please do! Please do!"

The last words were hardly out of Millie's mouth, when she heard the plaintive voice again, and this time it was quite near her. Looking down she saw a little gray-and-white kitten shivering on the cold ground—she truly did! It had a soiled blue ribbon around its neck—so it had belonged to some one; but Millie never thought of that. Catching it up she hugged it close under her chin. "Oh, you dear darling," she cried, "you did come right down, didn't you! Oh, I do hope I can be good enough to keep you!"

Millie hurried back to the house. She climbed into her mama's bed shivering, the kitten in her arms.

"Mama," she whispered, "wake up, please! I'm shaking most to death; but the dear God sent my kitten."

Mama woke, and understood, and took care of her little girl.

It was two o'clock in the morning. Millie went to sleep and her kitten, which she had promptly named "Snowball Woods," went to sleep with her.

"A string of emigrant wagons passed through yesterday," said Mr. Woods the next morning. "I presume the kitten dropped from one of them."

"It was evidently some one's pet," replied mama. "I wonder if we could reach them?"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Woods. "They're a day's travel ahead of us. The cat isn't worth it."

Millie listened in some surprise, but without the least anxiety.

"They don't seem to remember," she whispered to Snowball, "that you came straight down from Heaven."

Effie W. Merriman.

THE BOY AND HIS BOX.

I know a Boy—a *horrid* Boy—
Who does his family annoy.
He has a box—a *horrid* box—
And creeps up sly as any fox,
And with a click, and *horrid* laugh,
He shouts, "I've got your Photograph!"

E. S. Tucker.

THE NEW BABY.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

I'm a new little baby, not long come to town,
All I can do yet is just to lie down.
I would like to stay here in this house, if I may;
Am I wanted in here? Do you ask me to stay?
But first let me tell you, because it is true,
I shall need many things should I stay here with you,
Oh, a great many things! just as all babies do.
Socks, dresses, and bibs, such as all babies wear,
The softest of flannels, enough and to spare;
And a warm little bath, where morning and night
I can spatter and splash in the bubbles bright.
A crib with warm blankets to wrap me about;
A nice baby carriage for taking me out;
A high dining chair, and then, very soon,
A suitable plate and a suitable spoon.
Of playthings to play with a very large store,
Balls, buttons, and rattles, and many things more,
Spools strung on a string, and when teething time comes,
Hard thimbles and rings for the use of my gums.
Also, plenty of runners my calls to obey;
And should I feel frisky and ready for play,
Then people at hand all ready to please me,
To toss me up, laugh with me, cuddle me, squeeze me,
To pat-a-cake for me; fine stories to tell,
And to kiss my hard bumps and make them all well.
Am I fretful with pain—there must be some one nigh,
At night-time and day-time to list when I cry,
And hush me, and soothe me, and sing lullaby.
Then, more than all these, and all things above,
I shall want, just as all babies do, shall want—love;
Love, a great deal of patience, sweet gentleness, too,
I must ask should I tarry, and live here with you.

Now brothers and sisters, and others, what say?
Am I wanted in here? Do you ask me to stay?

* * * * * *

——That you are, precious one! We do want you indeed!
And we'll count it a joy to supply every need.

IN THE SUNSHINY HOURS.

We will give you kind care both by day and by night,
And to serve you, you darling, will be our delight.
We'll be ready to frisk, and to dance, if t'will please you,
And only too glad, dear, to cuddle and squeeze you.
We will take you out in the sunshiny hours,
To sit with the bees, and the birds, and the flowers.

We will play pretty plays, fine stories we'll tell,
We will kiss your poor bumps and make them all well.
If in pain, never fear but there'll be someone nigh
To hush you and soothe you, and sing lullaby.
And believe, little baby, that always to you
Will patience be shown and sweet gentleness, too.
And our love? Why, dear, you've already that same,
You took that without asking as soon as you came!
Yes, it went forth to you; it is not ours to give,
And 'twill always be yours just as long as you live;
And since you have stolen our love quite away,
You *are* wanted here, and we ask you to stay.

Abby Morton Diaz.

THE LITTLEST ONE OF THE BROWNS.

CHAPTER VI.—OVER ON THE BACK ROAD.

OLD Mrs. Pence rang the door-bell as if somebody should hear!

Bee's mother had gone to drive with Aunt Sallie and old Mrs. Janeway. All the young Browns were out, and Phœbe, the maid who answered the bell, was up stairs changing her dress. Bee stood still and waited. Oh, if Bob would only come with the ten dollars to pay for the doll!

Bob came, just as old Mrs. Pence rang the bell again, but his face was gloomy. Mrs. Gerry wouldn't buy the peacocks, he said, because her invalid sister didn't like to hear them squawk; and Joe Rugg wouldn't buy the bantams because his Plymouth Rock rooster would peck them.

Old Mrs. Pence rang the bell again.

Bee told Bob who it was at the door, and he went there directly. Bee, I am glad to say, was not far behind. Old Mrs. Pence was very much excited as she told of the loss of the beautiful doll-baby that her daughter was to have dressed for a little invalid girl in Gobang. The tin-peddler had told her that a little Brown girl had stolen it—the littlest one of the Browns.

"SO MANY DOLLS TOGETHER YOU NEVER SAW."

It was Bee who told old Mrs. Pence the whole story, and that the doll looked *exactly* like a baby in her arms. And old Mrs. Pence, although she was angry, couldn't help laughing a little. She said she didn't want to make any trouble. Bee could just give her the doll and she would go home.

Bob explained that there had been an accident and they couldn't give her the doll. Without waiting for him to finish old Mrs. Pence grew very angry, and said the little invalid would cry her eyes out for the doll, and she would have to pay the ten dollars that it cost.

Bob drew himself up in a very manly way—it was surprising to see how tall Bob could look—and said they would carry her the ten dollars the next day.

When old Mrs. Pence had gone, Bee and Bob looked at each other, and Bob's forehead was so wrinkled that he looked like grandpa Brown, who was eighty. "There's just one way to get out of it ourselves," said Bob. "Just one way!"

Bob sat astride the stair railing, and Bee braced herself against the front door. She knew it was something dreadful that Bob had thought of by the way he looked.

"We can sell Bevis to Doctor Lawton for ten dollars!" said

Bob. Sell Bevis! It was almost as bad, thought Bee, as if he had said sell any one of the Browns.

"I've had him longer than you have," said Bob huskily. That was true only because Bob was older. Bee's first steps had been taken with her baby fist clinched in Bevis' shaggy coat. But Bob loved him, Bee knew that Bob loved him almost as well as she did.

"I'd rather tell papa!" Bee said firmly.

"He's having trouble enough, just now, with the strike at the mills, without your troubling him," said Bob, "and he'll never trust us again."

Bob went out of the front door with that, but he turned back to speak a little more cheerfully. "We have until to-morrow to get the money, any way. If any of the fellows come for me don't you tell them where I am!"

That meant that he would be in his workshop, over the carriage house, where he was always taking something to pieces and putting it together again. Bob liked to do that, when things went wrong with him. Bee was afraid he would forget all about the ten dollars.

Bob staid in his workshop all the afternoon and evening and wouldn't let Bee in, when she knocked at the door. He didn't come in to his supper, and no one knew when he went to bed. When Bee carried some muffins and cream cakes to the door he only said very crossly, "Go away." Bob liked muffins and cream cakes, too.

He slept late the next morning. Bee herself took Bevis down to Doctor Lawton.

Long ago her father had said they would better let Doctor Lawton have Bevis. The dog was old and there were so many noisy young Browns.

Doctor Lawton promptly gave Bee a ten dollar bill, and told his man to shut Bevis up in the stable. He was going to send him to his little grandson, in another town.

When Bee got home with the money, Bob praised her, though in a rather gruff voice.

He told Bee she was more of a girl than he thought she was.

They set out at once for the back road. Bob had something done up in old Mrs. Pence's shawl which they had forgotten to give her. He said it was something for old Mrs. Pence. Bee thought but little about it; her mother often sent something to the black folks. Besides, Bevis' cries rang in her ears all the way.

"Now you let me talk to old Mrs. Pence," said Bob at the door, when they reached the house and found both old Mrs. Pence and her daughter dressing dolls.

So many dolls together you never saw! Little and big, black and white, babies and ladies, and boys and men! They hung on lines across the room, they sat on the tables and chairs, they were piled in heaps on the floor.

But the great doll-baby that Bob, after a moment, drew out of the folds of old Mrs. Pence's shawl was the biggest and most beautiful of all!

There she was, with the pretty yellow hair under her lace cap, with her cheeks as red as ever, and her legs as plump! And when Bob pressed her, the doll-baby said, "Mama! Mama!"

It seemed to Bee, at first, that Bob was like the magician at the fair who took doves out of his hat when there were no doves there!

"She met with an accident but I mended her," said Bob modestly. "If you think she'll do,"—

"Why, I don't see but that she seems just as good as new!" said the lame daughter, taking her and looking her over, "and the little girl who owns her would rather have her than any new one!"

Old Mrs. Pence said she hoped she hadn't been hasty in her speech the day before, and the lame daughter made Bee a present of a delightful little wooden doll, a Dinah with a red turban.

They passed Aunt Sallie's, on the way home. Cousin Albert's wife was in the window with her blue silk wrapper on, and she had the baby in her arms. She took the baby's hand and made it throw a kiss to Bee.

Bee thought she would go over and finish "Pippy's Warning," in a day or two. She wouldn't mind in the least now if they should ask her to take care of the baby! But first she and Bob would go and get Bevis!

Doctor Lawton smiled when Bee thrust the ten dollar bill into his hand. He said they could have Bevis — he didn't think Bevis would stay away from them, anyway. Bevis made a great uproar on the way home. He frolicked like a puppy and tumbled over them and rolled in the road at their feet and then rose and barked for joy.

When they got behind their own hedge Bee stopped and hugged Bob for a second.

Bob bore it pretty well. But he said, a little gruffly, that he hoped people wouldn't make any more fun of his taking things to pieces and putting them together again. He would frankly tell her now that he hadn't expected that he could mend that doll — only a fellow that had had practice could have made its wig stick on!

Sophie Swett.

(THE END.)

BEVIS FROLICKED LIKE A PUPPY.

MISS VIOLET.

AN EASTER BONNET.

LITTLE Miss Violet, blooming and sweet,
Has her new Easter bonnet all trimmed and complete;
The brim is rich purple with hair-lines of black,
It flares at the front and fits close at the back,
There's a bow-knot of yellow and strings of pale-green—
A prettier bonnet has never been seen.

But Miss Violet's careful, and keeps it well hid
In her underground bandbox, and holds fast the lid;

SPEAKING of the remarkable offer of first class etchings on advertising page 8 of this number, this is what a President of one of the leading Universities of New England wrote to the publisher. The letter is printed with full permission, name only being withheld.

Mr. S. E. Cassino, *February 2, 1898.*

My Dear Sir:—

The eight pictures promised by your house as a premium for one subscriber for the magazine have been received. I do not see how you can afford to give these beautiful pictures as a premium for one subscriber only. They are certainly exceedingly beautiful. The one dollar subscribed for the magazine is in itself a great investment and the labor spent in securing the additional subscriber repaid by these pictures is a still greater investment. With best wishes, I remain, Sincerely yours,

.....

Another Interesting Testimonial.

Medford, March 10, 1898.

Mr. S. E. Cassino,
Publisher "Little Folks," Boston.

Dear Sir:—

I have received the etching of "The Old Homestead." I am not only pleased, but astonished, at receiving so valuable a picture; and my wife was simply amazed when she saw the size and beauty of the etching. We have shown it to several friends and everyone has determined to get that etching. It is admired by everyone.

Just from curiosity I made inquiries at an art store concerning some etchings of same quality and size, and found that $7 to $8 was the price.

I thank you for making it so easy to get a really valuable picture. Very truly yours,

.....

JUST THE TIME.

Do you know Girls and Boys that this is a better time to secure subscribers for LITTLE FOLKS than in the winter months? I haven't room to tell you why, but I am sure you will find it so. And there are so many things that you really need just now. LITTLE FOLKS' premium list mentions a good many, and then you need a wheel, a watch, a camera, a piano or a King repeating air rifle, a book or something else.

And we all must have money, why not take your LITTLE FOLKS and see how many subscribers you can get? I will give $4 in cash if you send me ten subscribers, or I will send you the premium list and some special offers, as a wheel, a piano, a watch and other things. If you do not get ten subscribers, if you only get one, I will pay you for it, and I will try and make the magazine better each month in return for your help in building up the subscription list. I'll send you a premium list free and give you a new copy of the magazine free, if you soil your own in showing it.

S. E. CASSINO, PUBLISHER,
221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

If Easter is early and March winds are cold,
You'll not have a glimpse of the purple and gold,
But when Easter comes late, you will see the whole place
Grow bright with Miss Violet's beauty and grace.

Annie Willis McCullough.

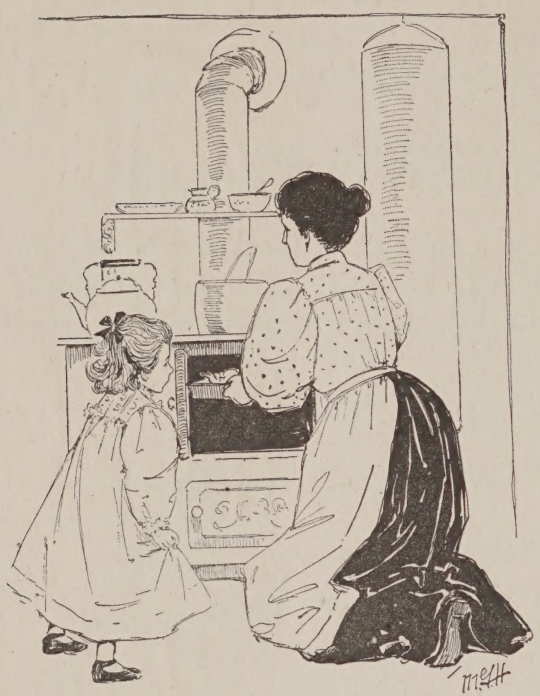
TOTSEY'S INCUBATOR DUCKSIES.

ONE spring, in Totsey's papa's great incubator house, four ducklings were hatched. Totsey's papa didn't want ducks, and nobody knew how ducks' eggs ever came to be placed among hens' eggs in the incubator. But there they were, four live ducklets with curly broad bills and queer little web-feet.

"ALL DROWNED!"

The ducklings were taken out and given to a very motherly old hen. Totsey's papa thought she would take care of them. But she didn't, and Totsey always felt that they were poor little orphans. She carried her piece of bread from the table to feed them, and Ellen, the cook, felt much the same way, and mixed corn-meal and water, and Totsey would take the little bowl around to feed them a great many times a day; and at night she would not go upstairs to her own little bed until she knew "ducksies" were all safe in their warm little brooder in the incubator house.

One day a heavy shower came up suddenly. Totsey stood by the window to look out at it, and to watch the little lakes and rivers form in the yard. All at once she saw four spots of yellow fuzz. The yellow spots of fuzz lay in a pool of water at the back doorstep.



TOTSEY WAS SURE THEY WOULD BE COOKED.

In a minute Totsey was out on the back step. There were the little orphan ducksies, all drowned!

Ellen stepped down into the pool and took them out. Totsey's tears dropped on the little wet yellow breasts, and then Ellen carried them into the house.

"If you won't cry, Totsey," said Ellen, "I will make them all alive for you again."

Ellen brought a big baking pan, and put some soft cloths in it, and laid the little ducks on the cloths, and then put the pan in the oven, and carefully almost closed the oven door. "Now they'll be incubated again, Totsey, in two or three minutes," she said.

But Totsey was sure her ducksies would be all cooked. "O, I *don't* think you can hatch anything *twice*, Ellen!" she sobbed. She stood and waited by the oven, with the tears rolling down her little cheeks. Totsey felt so bad that a tear rolled out on Ellen's cheek, too.

There was, in a few minutes, a faint peep; then another. Ellen looked in the oven, and there were the four little ducksies, all alive again, as she had said they would be.

They stayed in a box behind the stove all that day and all

that night. They were not hoarse at all next morning, but quacked beautifully.

But for the rest of that summer, and until they were almost grown ducks, Totsey would run out and gather them up into her dress-skirt and carry them into the kitchen, whenever the sky looked like a shower.

Mary Goodwin Hubbell.

KEEPING THE RULES.

I'D like to see the man who took
The pains to make the spelling-book,
And ask why words are so contrary
There, and in the dictionary;
Why d-e-w is "du,"
And n-e-w is "nu,"
While s-e-w is "so,"
I certainly would like to know!
Then r-o-u-g-h is "ruff,"
And t-o-u-g-h is "tuff,"
But d-o-u-g-h is "doe"—
Now tell me, pray, why that is so!
And will not some one tell me how
P-l-o-u-g-h, is "plow?"
For if poor little boys at school
Are strictly made to keep the rule,
I think the book-makers should be
Just as particular as we!

Zitella Cocke.

GATHERING SAP.

SOME LONG-AGO EASTER EGGS.

ON our great wintry Canada farm, when I was a little boy, there was a famous big "sugar-bush." It had as many as two thousand maples, and every spring my father "tapped" them all. The sugar season, for us children, was the great festival of the year!

The "sugar camp" was nearly in the center of the bush, about half a mile from the house. The trees were cut away from the spot, and the underbrush cleared off, and a "shanty" had been built for the men. There, in the open space, two or three great, strong, clear log fires were kept burning night and day. Over these fires the "sap" was boiled down. The first "runs" of sap from the trees were the sweetest, and were made into sugar. The later runs were made into molasses.

The sugar-bush, with its camp, was a fascinating place. Here and there among the big maples, narrow zig-zag roads had been made by cutting out the saplings and underbrush. Every day, to gather the sap, along these rough paths a very steady old horse drew a strong homemade sled, on which was securely fastened a huge puncheon that had a discharging tap at one end,

and a large hole in the top. (There was generally quite a procession of children behind.)

The old horse and sled stopped at the trees, and the sap, which had dripped into the buckets from the rough wooden sap-spouts thrust into the tree-trunks, was poured into the puncheon.

At the camp, the sap was drawn off from the puncheon, and emptied into an immense tank that held hundreds of gallons. The sap was dipped from this tank into the enormous boiling-kettles as needed, where it was evaporated and "boiled down," until it was so thick that it would "grain." Then it was taken from the kettles to cool into sugar. That was the way the sweetest and most delicious maple sugar in the world was made sixty-five years ago.

As the sap boiled away over those big, jolly, open fires, growing sweeter and sweeter, we children stood around with our dippers and spoons to test it—which we did by tasting it, you know. There were we to be found at all hours of the day, starting off for the sugar camp as soon as breakfast was over; mother had an inflexible rule that we were to be home by sundown.

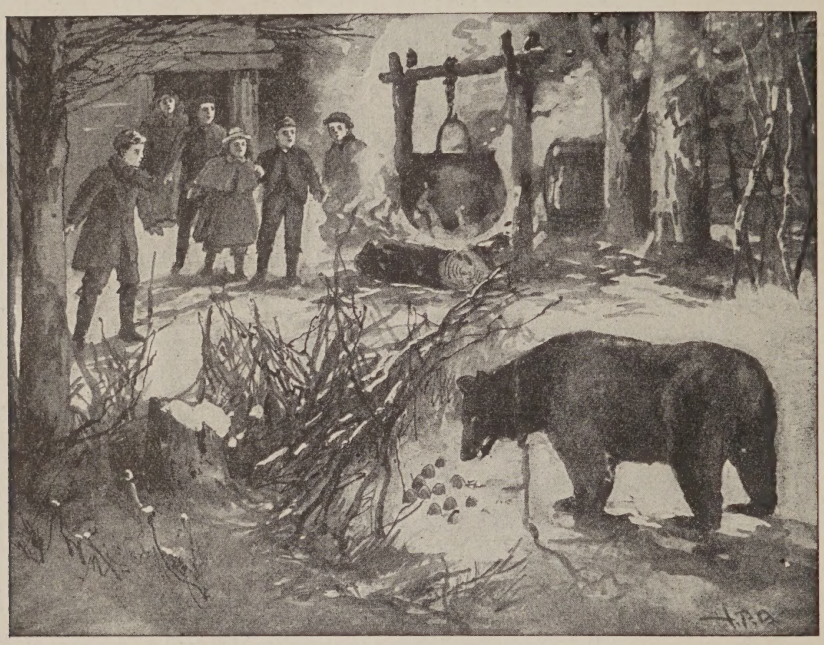
But one certain Saturday evening, the year I was eight years old, we all got leave to go out to the sugar camp and stay until midnight. I was allowed to go on condition that if I fell asleep some of the older ones should bring me to the house—as if any little boy ever did go to sleep on such an occasion! There were my two brothers in the party, my three sisters, and a small swarm of visiting cousins.

It was the Saturday evening preceding Easter Sunday. We had a great basket, full of egg-shells, from each of which the contents had been carefully poured through a little hole made in the small end. There were hens' eggs, and ducks' eggs, and turkeys' eggs, and best of all, two great goose eggs, each of which would hold at least a pound of sugar. We were going to fill all these shells with maple sugar, for Easter eggs.

On reaching camp, we threw down our torches, and took possession of one of the sugaring-off kettles. After an hour or two of tending and testing, the syrup had become "just right."

Then we began, with much glee and a few burnt fingers, the delightful task of filling the Easter eggs.

The process was difficult as well as delightful, for the hot syrup had to be thick enough to form solid sugar when cool, and it was a delicate job to pour the thick liquid into that one little hole in the end of the shell. As for enlarging the hole — do you think we would have spoiled the looks of our Easter eggs?



A MIGHTY BIG FELLOW, TOO!

Finally, after much fun, all the shells were filled — the two goose eggs last. Then the trailing streaks of half liquid sugar were washed off the outside, and the whole lot carried and placed, small ends up, on the snowy ground, fifteen yards or so away, to harden.

This done, we gathered around the fire to eat a generous luncheon of chicken, bread and butter, and pickles, sent out to us from the house. Laughing, joking, and "cutting up monkey shines," we had only begun on the banquet, when we heard a curious sort of noise in the clump of bushes where our sugar eggs were cooling.

One of our big boy cousins jumped up and ran over to see what the matter could be; but next moment he rushed back again, excitedly calling out: "There's a big bear, and he's eating our Easter eggs!"

We all sprang to our feet, and cautiously ventured along toward the bushes, though none of us really believed that any bear was there. But there was one—and a mighty big fellow, too! And he was having a glorious feast!

The girls began to scream, while one of my brothers lustily yelled to the man in charge of the camp, who had lain down in his little shanty to take a nap.

The hubbub didn't in the least disturb Mr. Bruin. He went on crunching one egg after another, as joyously as if he thought they had been prepared expressly for him. There were at least thirty, for we were going to send some away, as Easter gifts, to uncles and aunts.

Suddenly, one of our little girl cousins asked: "Do bears, way out in these woods, be born with straps on their necks?"

Upon this, there was, after a second, a shout of laughter. We home children at once saw that our uninvited guest was a tame bear—a bear owned, and kept as a pet, for the last two years, by neighbor Frank Kennedy.

The camp-tending man did not come out—he was either sleeping, or else quietly enjoying the joke. For a minute we stood still, trying to think how to save some of the eggs.

Although nearly sure that the bear wouldn't hurt them, my brothers, neither of whom was yet fourteen years old, didn't like to go forward and interrupt the feast. There was no telling what even a tame bear might do under such circumstances. So one of them ran to the shanty to *make* the man come with his axe, or a burning brand, or *something!*

The rest of us stood waiting. The impudent bear never stirred, but went on eating. He seemed to like warm maple sugar. Probably, in all his life, he never before had tasted anything so good. But all at once, he reared up, gave a horrible angry growl, then buried his nose in the snow and turned with a prance and swiftly sneaked away homeward!

We clapped him, and cheered him, I can tell you! He had devoured most of the smaller eggs first, and then had got hold of one of the big goose eggs, and the soft sugar in the middle of it must have been still almost boiling hot.

We went back and finished our supper, and afterwards had a delightful time making candy by pouring the hot liquid sugar on pieces of ice.

On getting home, which we did before the midnight clock had struck Sunday, we had only three Easter eggs to show — but hadn't we had a great frolic!

William Thomson.

THE FRIENDLY DARK.

AT the close of every day,
Like a curtain shutting down,
Comes the darkness on its way,
Covering the quiet town.

I can look and see it creep
Slowly, slowly up the hill,
Putting all the birds to sleep,
Making all the world lie still.

Then the house-lights shine out far,
Oh, so bright they look to me!
Till, except a big bright star,
They're the only things I see.

Now, behind each shining light
Winking, blinking out so red,
Just this minute of the night,
Little children go to bed.

I CAN SEE IT CREEP.

Then they nestle snugly down,
Sleepy eyelids drooping low,
And away to Dreamy-town
All the little children go.

Oh, I love the friendly night!
Like a blanket soft it seems,
Folding us till morning light,
Wrapping us for pleasant dreams!

Annie Willis McCullough.

THE ALPHABET BEAUTIFUL

(Mama's Fern Talk.)

THE children had just come in with handfuls of spring flowers, pink-cheeked anemones, blue violets, and flaming columbines. The boys had found out that each columbine carried four slender horns of honey, and were sipping the sweets like a pair of bumblebees.

"See what *I* found!" cried Dot, holding up something slim, and green, and covered with brownish down, and with a curious cunning curlicue at the end. "Why, it looks like a tiny shepherd's crook," said I — "just right for a fairy shepherd herding fairy sheep."

"O, *mama!*" cried Dot, "*are* there fairy sheep? You never told me there were fairy sheep!" "No," said I, smiling, "I never did. I was not quite sure of it myself. But if there are fairies, I think there must be fairy sheep, and fairy shepherds — and this may well be a fairy shepherd's crook.

"But it is also a fern," I added, "a soft downy little fern that hasn't unrolled." And then I took the slim stem with its curli-

cue tip, and showed Dot how she could unroll the curlicue a little way and see the beginning of the fern leaf. And I told her how day by day it would uncurl and widen out, until it was a tall graceful fern frond, maybe as tall as she or even Will.

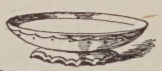
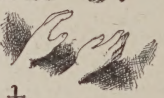
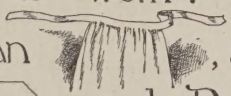
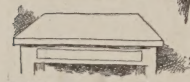
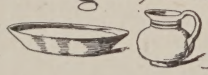
"FAIRY SHEEP."

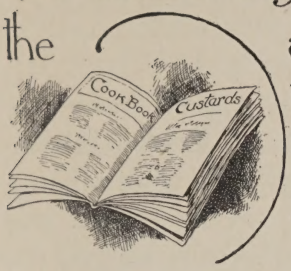
And one day, when summer had come, Dot danced into my room, hatless, breathless, excited, delighted. "O *mama!*" she cried, "I found the splendidest great fern that ever was, O, ever so big and ever so tall, taller than *I* am—and Tom took us with his Kodaker, the fern and me—and I'm going to s'prise you with it Christmas time, and—oh, mama, I forgot, I've told, and I didn't mean to till Christmas," and she stopped short off with the funniest look on her face! The secret was out, and so when the Kodaker was printed I was let to see it. "And to think," said I, "that those great fronds should have uncurled from the tips of the tiny shepherds' crooks of the fairies!"

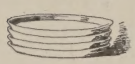
"THE FERN AND ME."

WHAT DID THE BLACK CAT DO? GUESS!

(VI)

"Papa will never guess that we could make such a nice custard!" said Polly. "He will dip his in the , and taste it, and say, 'Bridget's custard is very good to-night, my dear.' And we will look grave as and when the  is empty, we will cry, 'April Fool, Papa! We made it!'" Then Polly and Prissy clapped their  and went to work. They each put on a and an  , and Polly moved out the  , and Prissy brought the . They beat the and measured the sugar, and poured out the  . They were busy as and gay as as they worked, and talked of Papa's surprise.

Of course they had to look many times in the 

and Bridget would have left her and helped them, but they would not let her. Their cheeks were like with standing over the when Tom came in. "Don't tell, Tom!" they said. The watched them from his "Don't tell, Puss!" they said. And at last the custard was done and set on the to cool. By and by it was dinner-time. When the  were taken away, Mama brought a covered and set it before Papa with a laugh. And when the was taken off, the dish was empty! "You meant to April-Fool Papa", said Mama. "And Puss has April-Fooled you instead!" And what had the Black Cat done? Guess!

Margaret Johnson.

OH, THIS WAS A DAY TO REMEMBER!

(The Booboo Stories.)

AND THEY DANCED ON THE LAWN.

AND one day when the linnets were singing in the garden, and down below the little lake the peach trees and the plum trees were in bloom, Robbie and his father had one of the grandest times they ever had in all their lives. But O, if you had seen them as they walked about the garden you never would have known them. You surely would have thought a king and little prince were walking out among the flowers. They were dressed in silks and satins and in velvets just as a king and prince in a picture-book would be.

And why do you think they were dressed this way?

And what do you think was to happen that day?

(You never can guess I'm sure.)

The big gates of the garden stood open, wide open, and Robbie's pet peacock sat on the wall, sat screaming on the wall, his beautiful tail spread out in the sun. He seemed to know what was to happen that day. He seemed to be screaming, "O, here they come! here they come! What a grand sight! What a fine sight!"

And up the road the children came, all the little boys and all the little girls who lived in the little town. And they marched to the music of a gay brass band, they marched to the music

of a gay brass band. Through the gate they marched, and into the garden they marched where the King of Flowers and the Prince of the Flowers stood waiting and ready to greet them.

And the peacock on the wall strutted about and spread his tail and screamed, "Thirty to-day, and five to-day, thirty and five to-day!"

How did that silly peacock know that this was a birthday

THE KING AND THE PRINCE RODE ON BEFORE.

party? How did he know that Robbie was five and his father was thirty that day?

And they danced on the lawn, on the wide green lawn, to the music of the gay brass band. All the little boys and all the little girls danced upon the lawn. Then down the walk, and around the walk to the long green grape-vine arbor, they tripped and they skipped to the chime and the time of a little silver bell. And there was the birthday dinner!

And the big Booboo sat at one end of the long, long table, and the little Booboo sat at the other end of the long, long table. And never a king of any land, and never a prince of any

land, looked more grand than they. And all the little boys and girls sat on either side.

And when they had eaten their dinner, out in the road before the gate they heard a great noise — tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp—that is the noise they heard.

And the peacock strutted along the wall and spread his bright tail and screamed, "Who knows, who knows what will happen next? Thirty to-day and five to-day! who knows what will happen next?"

The little Booboo, he knew, he knew what was to happen next.

Down from his chair at the table he slipped, and cried aloud so everyone heard, "Hurrah for the grand parade!"

And all the children cried, "Hurrah for the grand parade!"

Out before the gate they ran, and there, tramping and stamping, were thirty little ponies. A little pony for every little boy and every little girl to ride! And beside each pony walked a little master all dressed in gold and white.

And when they had mounted — when the children had mounted the ponies the king and the prince rode on before. All through the town did they ride and all through the countryside.

Oh, wasn't this a grand parade? Wasn't this a day to remember?

Gertrude Smith, author of "Arabella and Araminta Stories."

THE REASON WHY.

Does you know why my dear mama
  Makes a birfday cake for me?
Why she twims it wiv pink candles?
  An' hangs pwesents on a twee?
Why she asks 'e kindergarten
  In 'e afternoon to tea?
It 's because she is so happy
  That I came to live wiv she!

Eleanor W. F. Bates.

THE LITTLE BREAKFAST CLASS

YELLOW VELVETS.

MY prettiest gems are my yellow velvets. I don't make them for breakfast. I make them after school, for tea, when mother has company, and I make them other nights when we are going to have honey or strawberry preserves. Sometimes when you get home, you will find your things set out for you on the shelf. People use pastry-flour for tea-biscuits and things, but I take our bread-flour. Mother has the Swan's Down kind, and you use it for everything.

I take my tin half-pint measure once full of it, and up to the three-quarter mark again. The way I do, I sift a lot into a bowl and measure from that. If you dip it up from the barrel, you can't tell how much you get into your measure. Then you put in four teaspoons of next-to-powdered sugar, and two rounded-up-high of baking powder, and a quarter level one of salt, then rub all together.

Next, you take butter the size of an egg, and lay it in your flour. Then you wait and grease the gem-pan. Then you beat two eggs, very quietly, so they will be a fine and even froth. Then you rub your butter in your flour, fine, with your attention on what you are doing, and you don't want anybody in the pantry but yourself when you cook.

And then you have your pint of good milk, but you don't put it all in — but sometimes you do. Then you put in some of it, and stir it sideways, and you put in your egg the same, and then so much of your milk as you think best, considerable at a time, and little by little, and stir so as not to bubble it, but so it feels just right with your spoon. Then you bake it, and there's a funny thing about your fire. You sometimes have two kinds. You can have a hot fire that will bake it in seven minutes, and you have a good even fire that bakes it in twelve, but they both will be velvety, just alike. Lina's are full of holes. Your mother's are good, of course they are, but not like mine, and I am always afraid mine won't be, but they are.

Jackey Dimock (shef).

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221 Columbus Ave.,
Boston.

WHAT SHALL CHILDREN READ?

(*Mothers' Department.*)

BOOKS FOR MOTHERS TO READ ALOUD.

THERE are children's books which are not so much for children to read themselves, as for their mothers to read aloud and talk over with them. These books are not always stories. Some of them have an ethical value. Others teach a love of nature.

The best recent book of ethics is *Parables for School and Home*, by Wendell P. Garrison, with twenty-one woodcuts by Gustav Kruell (Longmans, Green & Co., $1.25). It is a collection of "talks" given in a public school to children. Some of the topics touched upon are, destroying trees and plants; ill-treatment of animals; marking on walls and fences; painting advertisements on rocks and buildings; disregarding the property-rights of others; the difference between true patriotism and Jingoism; the equality of men and women; the consequences of apparently small things; the wrong of despising those who are smaller, or weaker, or poorer, or darker-skinned than ourselves; and the importance of living clean, wholesome lives. The home has as much to do with making good citizens as the school; more, indeed, than the school when the home is what it should be. A child who has the right home-training does not act like a young savage on a picnic-ground or in a public park, any more than he sells his vote when he grows to be a man. These things are simply impossible for him, because his father's and mother's precept and

(*Continued on page iii.*)

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example have taught him to keep himself above them.

Mr. Garrison's *Good-night Poetry* (Ginn, 60 cents), is a collection of short poems and selections teaching high ideals, that if read again and again to children will help them in many a crisis in later life.

In regard to Bible reading for little children, there are two books that will be helpful to mothers, in connection with the Old Testament. One is Alfred J. Church's *Stories from the Bible*, in two volumes (Macmillan, $2.50). The other is Guerber's *Story of the Chosen People*, a smaller and simpler work (American Book Company, 60 cents). For the New Testament, keep to the New Testament. You remember what a great preacher said when he was asked to write a Life of Christ—that he thought there was already a very good one in the New Testament; and who of us that ever spelled out the Christmas story from a little faded Bible with tarnished gilt at her mother's knee, is willing to exchange the sweet old English of that story, even if she did not understand half of it, for any bright-colored and gaudily illustrated version for children?

A well-illustrated edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is a classic that all children should become acquainted with at an early age; for a boy or girl who grows up without knowing Apollyon and Giant Despair and Mrs. Bat's-Eyes and Mr. Feeblemind and Mr. Ready-to-halt, or Vanity Fair and the House Beautiful, and the Land of Beulah, loses contact with what Macaulay called one of the two "great creative minds" of the seventeenth century, the other being John Milton.

Caroline M. Hewins.

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JULIUS FEHR, M. D.

Box 5, Hoboken, N. J.

BRISTOL, CONN.

Dear Little Folks : — My auntie sent you to me for a Christmas present. I wish all little girls could say the same! I have just begun taking books from the public library, and I am reading "Lulu's Library," by Louise M. Alcott. I wish the girl readers of *Little Folks* would tell what books they read, and how they like them. *Ada M. Johnson.*

NORMAL, ILLS.

Dear Little Folks : — I like you and mama says you are just the magazine for me. I am like mama — I love to read. Mama says *she* would rather read than to eat, unless she is *very* hungry. I was nine years old, January 8, and I wanted a birthday party, and invite my little friends; but mama was too busy to bake the cake. I expect I will have the party when I am ten years old. I love to go to school, and mama says I surpass her expectations in school. Spelling is just as easy for me! Often my schoolmates come to me to know how to spell a word. It seems as though I always had known how to spell.

Hazel Irvin.

REDLANDS, CAL.

Dear Little Folks : — I want to tell you about a baby horned-toad that I found last summer. It was not brightly colored like the old ones, but was a dull brown, and was no larger than my papa's thumb-nail. I often catch grown ones and keep them for a few days, but I had never seen a little one like this, and it was the cunningest baby of any kind that I ever saw. It was not at all afraid, but would lie in my hand looking up at me with its tiny soft eyes, sometimes blinking slowly.

I put some sand in the bottom of a box to make it a home, and it would sink itself down out of sight, not even leaving a little hummock to tell where it was. One morning it was gone and I could not find it. It must have climbed out of the box, though I don't see how so tiny a baby could have done that. I think it is a shame to call them "toads," they are so pretty and gentle and not the least bit *like* toads!

Boynton Morris Green.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KAN.

Dear Little Folks : — I am a little boy eight years old and I live at Fort Leavenworth. Perhaps some of you children have never been at an army post, and I would like to tell you something interesting, yet I presume we do about the same things that boys do all over the country. We play "soldier" a good deal, and have organized an army. We build snow forts, and have snow-fights whenever there is snow enough; but we do not have as much snow here as we did in Montana, or Dakota, or Vermont.

Sidney Foster.

BLOOM CENTRE, O.

Dear Little Folks : — I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school, also take music lessons. I can get my lessons good if I try, and also have plenty of time to play. I haven't seen any letters from our village in the *Little Folks Illustrated Monthly*, so I thought I would write one. I like to read it very much — it was a surprise to me, for I did not know mama had subscribed for it for me till I got it.

Hattie F. Smith.

WRIGHT'S, CAL.

Dear Little Folks : — I thank the publisher very much for that beautiful Christmas card that he sent to me, and also the letter he sent to my mama. I shall keep them, for I may be able to show them to Mr. Cassino when I get to be a big girl.

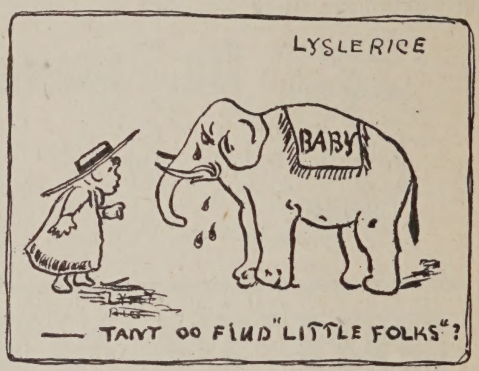
I am going to try and get some little children to take *Little Folks*. I received the candle-stick and salt-shaker premiums, and I have the candle-stick on my bureau and it looks very nice.

On Tuesday after Christmas, I spoke a piece at the Sunday-school tree, and the piece I spoke I learned in *Little Folks*. It was "If every one in all this world was only five years old," and they clapped and clapped and laughed, and I smiled and was pleased that they liked it.

I help my mama work, and I am going to write a letter to the little boy-chef, and maybe I will tell him how to make something! My little hand is tired, and I cannot write any more now. Another time my sister will help me again.

I hope *Little Folks* will have many little readers.

Ruth Hall (4 years old.)



MEDFORD, MASS.

Dear Little Folks : — I wonder how many of you have to practice on the piano! I began to take music lessons when I was almost eight years old. At first the practicing was *so* hard and it seemed as if I should *never* get through the hour that I had to do. I suppose that is the way with every little girl!

After a few months of it I began to like to practice, and everything was nice except the *scales*. Oh, how I disliked them! I had two teachers. I played at two recitals given by my last teacher. One of the recitals was out of town. At the first I felt rather nervous, but at the second I was all right and enjoyed it very much.

Very often papa has some friend come in who is musical. While they sing I play the accompaniments. I like that very much, and now feel thankful that I was obliged to practice; for now I can play the accompaniments of opera solos, sacred songs, etc.

Last year I had to give up taking lessons, and since then I have thought that I did not *quite* appreciate the advantages given me; and I advise every little girl and boy who has a chance to take music lessons, not to neglect the opportunity offered.

I wish some little girl who plays the piano, and sees my letter in this magazine would tell us *her* experiences in practicing. *Millita E. Saville.*

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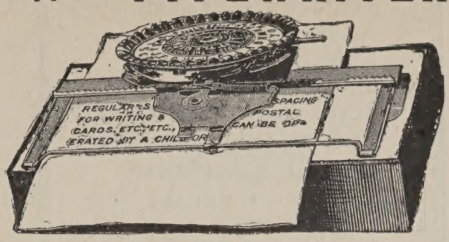

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Single Number, 10 Cents.

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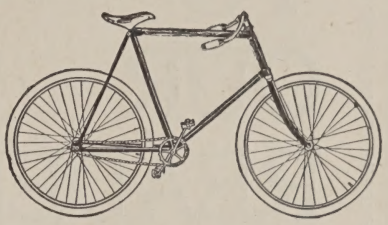

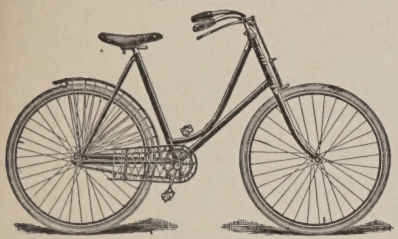

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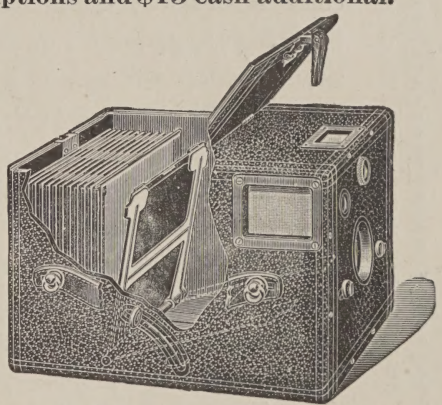

The "Adlake" uses glass plates, size 4 x 5. Most amateurs get much better results by using dry plates instead of films, and the beginner, especially, finds dry plates much more satisfactory in every way—especially if doing his own developing. Films spoil if not used within six months, but a dry plate is good for several years. Dry plates are also much cheaper. The "Adlake" holds one dozen 4 x 5 plates at a time, all perfectly protected and ready for instant use. All the plates (while in their holders) may be handled in daylight. The "Adlake" has a fine, extra rapid achromatic lens, which costs double the price of an ordinary lens. There is nothing about the camera to get out of order. A full dozen absolutely light-proof plate holders is furnished with each camera. The glass plates are standard (4 x 5) size, and can be obtained of any dealer in camera supplies. They are not included in this offer. The shutter is extremely strong and simple, arranged for time and snap-shot exposures. Price of the "Adlake" is $12.00.

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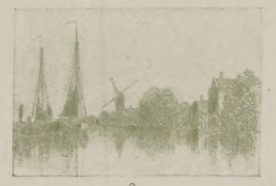

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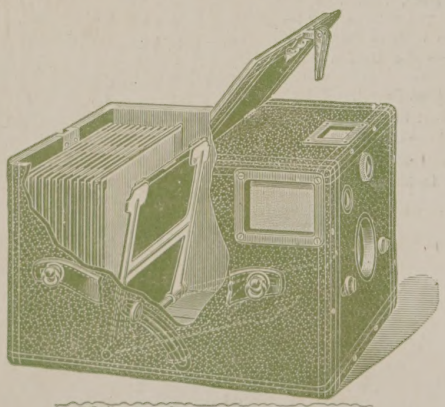

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